

1928.]

Spier, Havasupai Ethnography.

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fetched a rattle that it might begin. While nobody objected to its performance, it apparently was not considered in order for it soon stopped. 177 535

It would be valuable to learn just what knowledge of foreign dances and ceremonies the Havasupai have. Naturally they have seen those of all the neighboring tribes, and certain elements, such as the masked figure in the yearly dance, are demonstrably introduced. But according to Manakadja, while they look on at Hopi dances, they do not participate. Further, while they once tried to imitate them, they stopped because "they did not know much." Navaho as well as Yavapai shamans have been called in for the sick. I do not know whether the Havasupai participate in the social dances of the Hopi and Navaho, but it seems likely. They take part in Walapai ceremonies and dances on a par with members of that tribe and Paiute dances have been participated in, because, it is said, they are similar to those of the Havasupai. 177 535 648 [756]

The toloache ceremony of southern California tribes is unknown. The green leaves of the jimson weed (*amalgatú*) are eaten, however. This makes them crazy; they crawl around, shout, and laugh inordinately. They dream of being in crowds who play and dance. Jew said that he hoed down corn, thinking the plants weeds, while under its influence. The old people warn the youths against using the drug. Leaves may be taken from any part of the plant. 171 276

COMPARATIVE NOTES

The almost complete lack of group ceremonials sets the Havasupai apart from the Pueblos and the rancheria peoples to the east and south. Both the round dance and the Mohave dance are Great Basin practices. The masked dance is the sole point of resemblance to the typical Southwestern tribes. 171 796 535

The round dance is common to most, if not all, the Basin tribes. As part of the Ghost dance movement of 1890 it made its way into the Plains as well, while the earlier movement of 1870 had brought the dance into northern California and to the Yokuts from the Mono.¹ The dance as a unit (a circle of both sexes, interlocking fingers, sidewise step) is known² to the Havasupai, Walapai, Moapa, Shivwits,³ Uinkaret (?)⁴ and Kaibab Paiute,⁵ Pyramid Lake Paviotano,⁶ Washu,⁷ Klamath, Gosiute,⁸ 171 535 [177]

¹Kroeber, (c); *Papers*, 42, 281, 297 (confirmed by A. H. Gayton).

²My search of the literature is by no means exhaustive.

³*Ghost-Dance in Arizona*, 66; Lewis, (i), 302.

⁴About 1890 according to a Havasupai informant.

⁵Seen in 1872 by Dellenbaugh, 178.

⁶Lewis, (i), 306.

⁷Girls' puberty dances (information from Doctor H. H. Lewis, 1926).

⁸Ragans, 40.

RELIGION

Religious matters occupy but a minor place in Havasupai life. 771
 Ceremonialism is meager and interest in the supernatural is neither ex- [196] tensive nor developed in systematic form.

The paragraphs which follow express religious notions as they are known to a layman. It is regrettable that it was not possible to obtain [124] the viewpoint of the shaman. Of the two living at the time of my visits, one died during the second winter; the other is quite deaf.

SOULS, SPIRITS AND SHAMANISM

Each human has a soul in his heart; the word, *yuvafis*, refers to both 774
 soul and heart. It leaves his body at death, but not when he dreams or lies unconscious (*k'edjimpik*, a little dead). More explicitly, when a man dreams that he is in a foreign land, he sees (or feels) his fleshly self as actor, not his soul. To be sure when he wakes he is lying where he fell asleep, he is fully aware that he has been dreaming, yet he offers no explanation why others saw his lumbering form when he thought himself in another place.

The soul of a dead man may appear as a ghost (*dmitye*¹); this is short 775
 and like a shadow. Shamans alone commonly see ghosts, or rather, their familiar spirits seek them out at night and report their doings, yet others [187] may see them. When a ghost appears to a man it is a portent that a relative will soon die, or else it is to cause the man himself to sicken. Ghosts are said always to be malignant; a man who heard and saw one would sicken that very day and fail fast. People are afraid to go about [169] alone at night, especially near the burial ground, which at any time is dangerous, for fear ghosts will frighten or seize them. Yet the following instances show mere sight or contact is not in itself harmful.

Susie saw one near her camp one night. He looked like an ordinary mortal; he was bare-headed. He passed on down the canyon. In the morning, the whole family examined the spot but found no footprints.

Arthur saw a ghost in the brush at the head of the creek. He looked like a man, except that his head was much larger.

Pete also saw one. He met him near dawn in Lee Canyon. The ghost said that he wanted Pete to dismount and sit down to talk with him, so he did so. Pete nodded and fell into a doze. When it was nearly daylight, the ghost said, "It is light now; let us go," and he went ahead. When the ghost was twenty feet away, Pete thought he would keep up with him and talk, but the faster he whipped his horse, the more the ghost drew away from him. The ghost led him along a trail following a ledge that

¹The word *kutajidid* was also given for ghost in an association test.

CHAPTER TWENTY

The Peach Dance

75 As summer waned, the Indians' activities centered on the Peach Dance, their annual harvest festival, held in late August or early September to give thanks to Those Above for a bountiful crop and to petition for continued protection and care. 796 527 574

Men and boys hurried to complete a task at which they had worked indifferently for weeks—the clearing of brush and debris from the dance floor. Messengers rode up the trails to the east and to the west, carrying the knotted counting cord extending invitations to friendly tribes. The invited guests need only cut a knot from the cord each day, the last knot representing the day festivities would begin. These guests would bring news, and their presence would add zest and gayety to the celebration. Women left their games of chance and busied themselves at the grinding stones. Vegetables were brought in from the gardens; peaches, figs and apricots, either fresh or dried, were prepared for the big feast. [203 211] [262]

The Peach Dance was one of those age-old ceremonies revealing the true culture of the Havasupai. For centuries men and women of friendly tribes had flocked to the canyon to take part in the festivities and to trade Navaho blankets, ponies, saddles and silver ornaments for garden-grown vegetables, fruits and buckskin. [439]

A few Walapai and several Hopi drifted in for the dance, and our hopes kindled that some of the white men and women who had previously attended this ceremony might make the trip into

176 *People of the Blue Water*

796 the canyon. Tourists always brought news from the outside—and
527 how welcome that was! And, too, we caught some of their excite-
514 ment in entering what was, to them, a wonderland. But, since
my arrival, so few had come.

000 One hot summer day, three lads from Princeton, spending their
summer vacation hiking across the United States, had walked out
from Williams and climbed down the Lee Canyon trail. They
were full of fun—and short on food, so we sold them what we
could spare from our supplies. They took a quick look around,
then went gaily up the Walapai trail to new adventures, leaving
me with the feeling that, compared to them, I was very much
encompassed by stone walls. Later, the wife of the Governor of
Arizona came down with a party of friends to catalogue the flora of
the canyon. They camped under the cottonwood, eating their meals
from a boulder, quickly finished their work and departed. Their
visit heightened our interest in the delicate plants tucked away
in cool grottoes as well as in the more abundant hardier ones.
And we had met a governor's wife who sacrificed physical com-
fort for the advancement of science.

Then there was the family from Chicago. They had driven
their team across the desert, climbing down the zigzagging Walapai
trail and stopped at our door to demand shelter. The frail wife
and sick daughter sat their horses, wanting nothing in this world
but a bed on which to lay their aching bodies. While I assembled
the beds, they rewarded me with a description of the Pacific Ocean
as they had seen it that summer, a sea of pale blue fire. Too many
fish had perished in some catastrophe in the deep, causing the
phosphorescent glow.

Then there had been George Wharton James's visit to the
Indian village.

Each one had brought his bit of excitement and information,
leaving us the richer for his coming. But now, when we longed
only to see again a face from a world that was beginning to seem
so remote, to hear what its people were doing, no one but Indians
came down the trail.

The Peach Dance 177

After the sun had dropped in the west and the canyon walls had cooled somewhat, the Indians assembled at the dance ground, the space previously cleared and encircled by poles interwoven with green boughs. The song leader and the drummer took their stand near a pole in the center of the floor; the men formed a circle about them. Manakadja, as head chief, stood aloof; to him fell the responsibility of correcting any part of the ceremony that varied from ancient custom. 796
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At a signal from the drummer, the men started to dance. The women broke the circle, separating the men, interlocking fingers with them. Shoulder to shoulder, the dancers moved slowly to the left with short, shuffling steps, knees slightly bent, bodies swaying to the rhythm. The dance was orderly, but the weird singing increased in volume until the pole had been circled three or four times, when Manakadja interrupted to harangue the crowd. After he had finished, the circle formed again and the dance continued.

The drum, on which the drummer thumped vigorously, was similar to one I had seen that summer, standing on end where the drummer had carelessly left it after a dance. It was a section of hollow cottonwood log with hide stretched over both ends. The drums of their forefathers had been pottery vessels, in which they poured a little water. The hide stretched over the mouth of the jar was moistened and made taut by upending the vessel. Such drums had naturally been quite common among a pottery-making people; and though there was now a strange absence of pottery, its production had obviously been discontinued only in the recent past. In many places in the canyon floor I had dug up broken clay vessels, whose worn surfaces showed the marks of long and hard usage. They were of a dull gray, crudely decorated in black, and lacked the artistic quality found in the exquisitely finished work of the modern pueblos. Why and how these people had lost the art of pottery-making is one of the mysteries of their changing culture. 534
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The fantastic facial decorations, a band of paint across the eyes, or the face striped with many colors, made some of the dancers unrecognizable. Gala costumes were donned, with coyote or fox 796
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- 196 tails dangling at the back. The arms, legs and bodies of other
527 dancers were painted white, or white with contrasting horizontal
535 stripes. These grotesque figures added color to the dance and
302 stirred the imagination with old-time fire.

1796 In this dance, as in the Walapai mourning ceremony, the village
527 crone had a unique part. Mr. James had told us of seeing women
535 rush to the center pole during the Peach Dance, and, encircling it
786 with their hands, whirl madly about it until they dropped from
exhaustion. He had been present when several women darted into
the center of the circle, screaming, dancing, foaming at the mouth
and pulling their hair as they dashed against one another or against
the central post, until they fell in a stupor.

If one of these prone creatures blocked the path of the circling
dancers, she was dragged by the hair to one side where relatives
cared for her until consciousness returned.

The men looked with tolerance on such hysteria but did not
indulge in it. As a rule they were rather stern, self-disciplined, but
jolly too.

- 177 This Havasupai dance may have included some of the ritual of
796 the Ghost Dance, which at one time was the accepted religion of
715 many tribes. It is said to have originated in 1870 based on the
791 doctrines of a Paiute shaman, who claimed to have visited the dead
in their far-off home, and learned from them that they would
return to join the living. There seems to be very little information
available as to the introduction of the cult at this early period or
of its influence on the tribes who accepted its precepts. Its value
to the cause lay in the fact that it paved the way for the revived
Ghost Dance in 1890, which won converts among the Indians from
the Sioux in the north to the tribes in California.

The Paiutes were responsible for both its origin and for its
revival; the latter came about in a strange manner.

- 177 Wovoka, a Paiute, was a young lad when his father, described
196 as a "dreamer," died. The boy, through his work among white
791 people on a ranch, learned some English and gained a little
821 knowledge of the white man's religion. When he was about thirty

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years old, there occurred a phenomenon that terrified the Paiutes, 177
an eclipse of the sun. The Indians interpreted the eclipse as an 1796
attack by some ferocious monster on their god, the Sun. The 1791
darkened sun was a dying sun; fear plunged the tribe into wild 1821
demonstrations, shouting, the firing of guns, any act that would
frighten the monster and force him to abandon his wicked purpose.

During this eclipse, Wovoka became unconscious—he is said 177
to have been ill at the time—and was lifted up to the Other World. 1796
Here in a place of celestial beauty he saw all those who had died, 1791
happy and ageless in their faraway home. While here he was 1775
taught a dance which must be performed at stated intervals for 1787
five consecutive days. Wovoka returned to earth, recited his ex-
periences among the dead and taught his people the dance, which
became known as the Ghost Dance. He instilled in their minds
the belief that by performing these dances as instructed, they
would bring their dead back to dwell with the living in eternal
happiness on a regenerated earth. This seems to have been an
effort on his part to incorporate into his native religion the creed
of the resurrection as he imperfectly understood it.

Disciples introduced the tenets of this strange religion to other 177
tribes where the ritual of this cult, like that of the peyote, was 1796
made to conform to the will of the cult's tribal leader. In their 1786
determination to recall the dead, emotions ran high. In some 1787
tribes, men, women and children danced wildly, waving their
arms, contorting their bodies, until emotional and physical exhaus-
tion caused them to drop unconscious to the ground. While in this
state they, too, entered the land of unearthly beauty and peace
where they talked to dead friends and relatives.

In other tribes, the center pole held the "power" to transport a 177
worshiper to the Other World. The Havasupai tied eagle feathers 1796
at its tip. To induce the trance, a man climbed to within reach 1787
of the feathers where he clung until he became unconscious and
fell to the ground. When revived by the medicine man, the pole-
climber was expected to relate what he had seen and heard in that
far-off land.

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827 To the primitive Indian, unconsciousness is "going dead for awhile." I learned this one day when I fainted in the classroom. The children ran from the room in terror, but later told me, "You went dead and we were afraid." The deduction was that one who "went dead for awhile" had most certainly entered the land of the departed and should have exciting experiences to relate.

177 However, the people were soon disillusioned. These emotional
796 orgies did not bring back their dead. Even more discouraging, some of those who climbed the pole were said to have died within a short time. This gave the Havasupai their reason for discontinuing the dance. But more potent forces were at work. On some reservations the dances drew large crowds and the emotional demonstrations reached such extremes that soldiers were called in to restore order. One agent, at least, resorted to strategy by preparing a big feast for the day of the dance. Food would be plentiful, and free—but no dancing. The feast was well attended—the dance floor deserted. Within four or five years the demoralizing ceremony was entirely discontinued.

796 However, after the terrific excitement of the Ghost Dance, the
527 older Havasupai women may have found their native Peach Dance a little slow, so resorted to hysterical demonstrations to enliven it.

796 The Peach Dance would end with feasting and horse racing.
527 For the feast men and women were strictly segregated. The former, on one side of the race track, were discussing rules with Manakadja.
574 Across the track, the women were busy with food under a long open-sided shelter.

The men served the food, placing it, according to custom, on green branches spread on the ground. As a matter of courtesy, visiting men were served first. Then men of the tribe. Women and children shared what was left. The feast over, the leaders took lecturing the crowd on proper conduct.

796 Up to this time neither men nor women had manifested much
527 excitement. They had danced the previous night until long past midnight, and were tired and sleepy. The loud thump, thump of the dance drum had echoed and re-echoed up and down the

The Peach Dance 181

canyon keeping us awake until weariness deadened the sound. 796
But with the announcement of the first race, the people surged 527
forward, crowding for a place near the track, laughing, shouting 541
and betting on their favorite horses.

Walapai Bill's bay lined up with a dozen other horses for the first race. Had I cared to bet I would have placed my money on him, remembering my wild ride on that same mile-long track. Riderless horses, always betting favorites, were also trained for these races. They started on signal, kept their places in the race and—on occasion—won. No doubt one or more of them had been entered today for excitement was at a peak.

The signal was given, the race was on. Women rushed forward waving their *sutams* and screaming at the horse on which they had placed bets, "Win race! Win! Win!" Men tossed their hats into the air and shouted.

In the midst of the hullabaloo, I remembered the stack of letters that must be answered before the mail went out the next morning. Unlike the Indians I was not free to work only when it was "little light" and play when I felt like it. Unlike the Indians, too, I had no storehouses bursting with food. My subsistence depended on my efficiency. I had no choice but to leave the merry-making at its height, but not before I'd had a chance to watch Walapai Bill's horse nose up inch by inch and win the race.

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CHAPTER XVI

THE HAVASUPAIS' RELIGIOUS DANCES AND BELIEFS

771 THE Havasupais do not occupy a high place in the scale of religious life. They are very different from the Hopis and Navahoes. They have few ceremonies, few prayers, and few ideas connected with the world of spirits. If evil comes upon them they seek to propitiate the power that caused it. They dance and pray. But there is no system, no recurrence of elaborate ceremonials year after year. Indeed, the only regular dance that I have personally seen is that of the annual harvest, and that is occasionally omitted. The Sick Dance, as its name implies, is for the purpose of healing the sick.

• 776 On the second night of my first visit to the Havasupais my companions and I were invited by Hotouta to accompany him to one of these harvest thanksgiving dances. It was a wild and fantastic scene. Gathered together in a circular enclosure, the fence made of willow poles bound together with withes of the same tree, were between one hundred and two hundred Indians of both sexes in any and all manner of dress and undress. Three or four bonfires added to the weirdness by throwing peculiar lights and shadows upon the countenances of those present. At times there was a silence which became almost solemn in its intensity, and then

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talking and chattering broke out again, as if the sound⁷⁹⁶ of their own voices helped, in some measure, to relieve the painfulness of the solemnity of this not-very-welcome religious ceremonial. I was actually gazing upon the preparations in progress for the sacred peach dance. One by one the notables of the tribe were pointed out to me. There stood Kohot Navaho in proud solitariness, eyeing the preparations with a moodiness which became his serious and taciturn nature. Not a thing of importance passed his eye. His keen powers of observation took in the frivolity of certain young Havasupai belles as well as the actions of the Chemehuevi Indian who was to be director of the music of this religious festival. By his side stood his second son, who, in gentle and mellifluous speech was talking to those with whom he came in contact. Hotouta, the second chief, was by my side, acting as guide, chaperon, and instructor in the mysteries. Here was his daughter, a fine buxom lass of sixteen summers, with merry, laughing eyes, saucy lips, thick black hair, cut with the usual deep fringe on her forehead, and a voice that would have been the fortune of an American girl who desired a place on the operatic stage. Yonder stood Ha-a-pat-cha, a fine athletic fellow with muscles of steel and a chest like that of an ox, whose only costume was the gee-string. He marched to and fro as if consciously proud of his fine figure, came up at a call from Hotouta and seemed to be highly pleased with his introduction to us, although there was an air of condescension in his handshake which suggested that I was the honored person. Perhaps I was! *Quien sabe?*

Near by stood Mr. Bass and a special commissioner⁶⁵⁷ sent by the United States Indian Department to report⁷⁹⁶

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- 796 on the condition of the Havasupais, and seek to gain
[657] their consent to send their children to the Indian school
at Fort Mohave.

I was too tired that night to stay long. So after an hour's watching I returned to Hotouta's-hawa, stretched myself out on the sand — *outside* — in my blankets, and was soothed to sleep by the monotonous chant of the dancers.

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123 Next day, in a burst of frolicsomeness I exclaimed to my friend, who was commonly called Tom by the whites:
"Hotouta, why you no let me dance, all same Havasupai?"

It never entered my comprehension that Tom would regard the remark with serious attention, hence my astonishment can better be imagined than described when thoughtfully he turned to me and said:

"Maybe so! Me no know! Maybe so Havasupai no like 'em you dance. Maybe so they all same like 'em! I see pretty soon."

"Pretty soon" he came back with a cheery "All right! Navaho say you dance. Havasupai like 'em you!"

Here was a fine predicament! I had never danced a step in my life. In the few ball-rooms I had visited I had been a "wall flower." But in this case I had provoked the invitation myself, so, after a brief mental struggle, as gracefully as possible I accepted the consequences of my own rash speech.

When the hour arrived I placed myself under the hands of Hotouta, Yunosi his squaw, and their daughter, in order that I might be properly and appropriately apparelled for the occasion. The first salutation somewhat daunted me. Tom said, "You catch 'em white

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shirt!" The only white shirt I had was a night robe which had done service to such an extent that I had placed it in my saddlebags when we left civilized regions for the purpose of wrapping up specimens of rock to take home. Its "whiteness" may have been somewhat of a memory. But I brought it forth, and waited anxiously for Hotouta's approval. He was delighted, and I felt reassured.

When it was donned, and a pair of blue overalls, I was ready to receive the painted lines of sub-chieftainship on my face, and the eagle plume in my hair.

Then, in solemn dignity, we started down, Indian file, for the dance ground. At least Hotouta and I were dignified, while behind us Mr. Bass and the special Indian Commissioner were making frantic endeavors to hold in their laughter at the rude and brutal (!) jokes they were making at my expense. We had not proceeded far before Hotouta stopped me and with solemn face said: "You dance, you no laugh. Havasupai no like 'em you laugh!" I promised to be "as sober as a judge," and not laugh, and again we proceeded, to be stopped once more by Hotouta, who explained with perfect seriousness: "Maybe so you dance heap harnegi. Havasu squaw, she like 'em you. You catch 'em one squaw. Then you dance more and maybe so you catch 'em two squaw. She come, all same" (and here Hotouta illustrated how the squaw might come and separate me from my male companion to right or left, and take my hand in the fashion afterwards described). "She take your hand, all same. You no nip. She no like 'em you nip." I promised not to "nip," and with satisfaction Hotouta now led the way to the dance ground.

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- 796 123 After a formal introduction to all the chiefs and their approval given to my being accepted as Hotouta's brother and a fellow chief with him in the tribe of the Havasupais, the dance began. This is how it was conducted.

796 The "evangelist" sang over a strain of a new song. A dozen or so of the leaders took it up, and as soon as they were fairly familiar with it, the others joined in. Then the women took a hand, literally as well as figuratively, for they came in and separated the men, interlocking the fingers, midway between the first and second knuckle joints, standing shoulder to shoulder, and enlarging the group until a complete circle was formed. Then, with a side shuffling motion, moving one foot to the left and following it rapidly but rhythmically with the other, the while lustily and seriously singing the song they had just learned, the dance continued,—a dull, monotonous, sleep-producing ceremony, until the onlooker was awakened by manifestations he little expected to see at an Indian thanksgiving dance. Very often it occurs that women of the tribe are affected with a somewhat similar excitement to that which seizes the negro when he has "the power." With a shriek, the woman hysterically leaps within the circle made by the dancers, and howls and shouts and dances and jumps, and then, perhaps, throws herself in a heavy stupor upon the ground. Some will run to the centre post, and, hanging on with one or both hands, will swing rapidly around until they fall exhausted to the ground. When the male members tire of seeing these excitable females upon the ground, they unostentatiously step up to the prostrate figures, seize their long thick hair, swing it over the shoulder, and thus proceed to

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drag the now exhausted women to the fires, where friends of their own sex attend them until they "come to." 796 152

And what did all this ceremony mean? — for to the Havasupais it was a ceremony; performed with as much dignity as we perform our religious services in church or cathedral. While I was dancing Hotouta was giving an explanation to Mr. Bass. Each year this dance is performed as an act of highest devotion to gain the approbation of "Those Above." The Peach Dance is the "harvest thanksgiving" dance — when thanks are made for the gifts of the past and prayers are offered for the needs of the future. 796 [787]

The leader of the singing was a Chemehuevi Indian, — a tribe located west of the Wallapais and living mainly on the California side of the Colorado River.

He was a regular "evangelist" amongst the Indians, — a native Moody, and gifted enough, musically, to perform the part of Sankey or Excell. His harangue on this occasion was an unusually fervent oration, especially cutting to Hotouta, for he was one of the chief objects of the "evangelist's" vituperation and abuse. In fact had Hotouta been a white man he would have gone away saying the preacher was "horribly personal and disgracefully abusive" to the leading members of his congregation. He explained that the reason the tribe had lost so many of its members last year by the dread "grippe" was because of their levity. They had laughed too much, gone hunting and visiting white men's camps when they ought to have been dancing. They were allowing the white man to laugh them out of the traditions of their forefathers. Then he especially denounced all friendliness to the whites, and singled out 796 537

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- 746
537 Hotouta, Chickapanagie, Spotted Tail, and one or two others who had been the leaders in thus countenancing the whites, and administered to them severe rebukes. After this, referring to the offer of the whites to give them farming implements, food, etc., if they would send their children to the Indians' school at Mohave, he urged his hearers to listen to no such proposals. He said in effect: "Don't send your children to the school of the white man. If you do they will grow up with the heart of the white man, and the place of the Havasupai will know them no more. Your tribe will be broken up, and then the white man will come and take possession of your canyon home where the stream ever flows and sings to the waving of willows by their side. He will rob you of your corn-fields and of your peach orchards. No longer will the place where the bodies of your ancestors were burned be sacred to you; your hunting-grounds are now all occupied by him, the deer and the antelope have nearly disappeared before his rifle, and he is hungry to possess the few things you still have left. This offer is a secret plot against you. He thinks if he cannot drive you out he will seduce you out, and this school is the offer he makes to you, so that he can get your children into his hands. There he will teach them to make fun of you; to despise your method of living; your houses, your food, your dress, your customs, your dances will all be ridiculed by him, and so you will lose the favor of 'Those Above,' and you yourselves will soon die and your name and tribe be forgotten." In other words, he endeavored to make it perfectly clear to the assembled Havasupais that the school proposition was a white man's scheme — a dodge — to get their children away so that eventually they

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—the whites—might claim the Havasu Canyon for themselves. 796 ●
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Thus he exhorted time after time, and, after each sermon, sang out, line for line, a new song that he desired them to learn. At first he alone sang, then Navaho and a few of the older ones took up the strain, and soon all joined in. Then the dance began, and continued with unabated zeal and fervor until the "missioner" gave the signal for rest. Then, after another harangue, another song was learned, another dance performed, and so on, *ad libitum*. [533]

The state of mental exaltation or frenzy, not unlike those peculiar manifestations of the negroes at revival meetings, the Shakers, "having the power," etc., is not uncommon among the Havasupais. At the Thapala Dance I have seen three women almost simultaneously suddenly dart from different parts of the dance circle, and hysterically shrieking, yelling, and singing, foaming at the mouth, tearing their hair, falling down with violence, and with appalling disregard to the injury to their own bodies dash against each other, or on the great central tree trunk, which stands like a flagpole in the centre of their dance corral, yield to this uncontrollable frenzy, and remain under its influence for an hour or more. During the whole time of their ecstasy, the dance continued uninterruptedly, except when one of the frenzied women dashed towards the dancers as if to escape the circle. Then the man nearest by rudely took her by the arms, body, or shoulders and thrust her, shrieking, back into the centre of the circle. 796
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Yunosi gained her present name because of her occult powers and frenzied visions. After Hotouta's death she would occasionally wake up and cry out that she saw 787

he danced, and later saw it in the fire when the clothes were burned.

[The foregoing straightforward description of a comparatively recent Havasupai funeral was recorded with no attempt at interpretation by Smithson. The songs and dance steps all are of Mohave origin, adopted by the Havasupai through the Walapai. Yet, such ceremonies, as well as the annual mourning rite, continue to be a serious, deeply emotional part of Havasupai religion.]

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[122]

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[764]

Dances

[Spier (1928, 261-9) described three dance formations for the Havasupai: the round dance, more social than religious; masked dances, probably in imitation of Hopi kachina impersonations; and the Mohave version of the bear dance.]

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Our informants confirmed the correctness of Spier's (1928, 261-5) description of the round dance, and we can add but little data. Most of the songs were those invented by Teyadjáwa although others were learned from Navajos and Southern Paiutes. The favorites to this day are those of Teyadjáwa and Gítáááma. These are sung first and, if completed before morning, Paiute verses may be sung. Navajo songs are no longer part of the repertoire.

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Certainly since at least the beginning of the 20th century (Cliff, 1954, 175; Spier, 1928, 261) the round dance has been identified with the so-called peach or harvest dance held late in August or early in September. There are some hints that at the time, the performance still contained a residue of ghost dance elements even though it probably antedates that nativistic movement (Spier, 1928, 266; James, 1903, 252-5). Apropos of this, an account in The Arizona Graphic (Anon., 1899), gave a brief note of the ceremony;

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"The Yava-Supais have an annual religious dance... and few white men have ever witnessed it. Superintendent McCowan [in 1899 at the Phoenix Indian School but in 1895 agent to the Havasupai] says he was a spectator at one of these ceremonies, but did not sit the programme through. The dance was seemingly interminable. The participants kept up a monotonous but energetic action, circling about a pole, to which was attached some 'medicine.' A chief kept spurring them on, and as they fell from exhaustion they were dragged from the ring and fresh dancers took their places."

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796 This indication was due not only to the dance form with the inclusion of a center pole and the fact that some dancers seemed to be in a trance, but also
533 that Teyadjáva and Gatágama learned their songs from Southern Paiute ghost
177 dance advocates. One of our informants discussed this as follows:

539 "A group of Supais crossed the Colorado River and went to
796 St. George [Utah] because they heard about the dance that
177 makes the dead come alive again. Teyadjáva during the night
533 took some Paiute songs and made them [into] Supai songs. Supai Jack said that Teyadjáva didn't dream these [in contra-
distinction to Spier (1928, 264)] but during the night a Paiute came to his bed and made this song and told Teyadjáva, 'If you sing this song, you will find more songs added to it. I am the one that's giving songs to people that roam in this area.'

"Next morning, on their way home, Teyadjáva saw things like timber, mountains, waterholes and springs. These things came into his heart and from that, the person he saw gave him more, night or day, round dance songs. He could make them up, some way, but didn't understand how.

"From there he made up some danger songs like he hear thunder, lightning strike walls or tree; hits close to person; kills them. He made it into a song, lightning song, but he didn't want to use it; it's a danger song. He had many of those songs, but somehow he lost track of making better songs. He got sick by singing those things. Later on the man who had come to his bed kept watching wherever he goes, and he got witched from him, a medicine man or whatever he was. A medicine man sang over him and couldn't tell what was wrong. Finally he went to a Walapai medicine man to cure him. That medicine man said he saw two men: 'You make these songs until you make better songs. They're keeping track to see if you make better ones. Somehow they have witched you. I can't cure you.' From there he got worse and finally died. My father said when he went hunting with Teyadjáva he always saw things or even at home and always made new songs. He finally died with it.

"Supai Jack and Bert Westcogame stood on either side of Teyadjáva in the round dance and learned songs from him. He told Jack and Bert not to keep the songs after he died, because he died from something serious in the songs and
1 [i.e. The round dance associated with the harvest or
peach dance contained a residue of ghost dance
elements.]

the same might happen to them later on.

"After he died no one sang Teyadjáva's songs for a round dance for quite a few years. Then M knew the songs. When he traveled to other tribes and they asked him for Supai songs, he sang Teyadjáva's songs. Later they thought these might be good songs so now that's all they sing for a round dance.

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"I counted songs at the round dance when Supai Jack was leader. I counted 31 or 32 songs. I wanted to see how many songs Jack knew. Jack sang each song twice so the series would last all night. These were Teyadjáva's before Gátágáma's were mixed with them. These are in Supai language. Jack said Teyadjáva had many more songs but this was all Jack remembered.

"Supai Jack and Teyadjáva lived together. They looked for horses and hunted together. That's how Jack heard him make up those songs right along.

"They say he did not have a good singing voice. That's why he picked Jack and Bert who both had good voices. He used to tell ladies not to get between him and Bert and Jack as it spoiled the songs. He always wanted just the three in one place together. They were close enough so he could whisper and tell them which one came next."

There are however, some indications that the Paiute songs used in the ghost dance of 1890 were different from those later made up by Teyadjáva.

"Men who went to St. George brought some Paiute songs home with them for ghost dance. Learned quite a few of them. At ghost dance they sang Paiute songs, did not sing Teyadjáva's songs. In the village they sang Paiute songs. By that time Teyadjáva was also singing his songs. Gátágáma also was singing his own songs."

Apparently the Paiute ghost dance songs are almost forgotten and, hence, no longer used in the annual round dance. However, other nonmessianic Paiute songs are still in vogue.

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We have some data relative to the association of the round dance and scalps (see also Spier, 1928, 251): "If Supai killed an enemy they cut the

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Other clowning activities involved a pretense at anger on the part of two of the masked men, often the leaders, who would chase spectators or grab young girls in an attempt to dance with them. On other occasions one of the masked figures would hold a king snake and frighten the audience with it.

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Spier's (1928, 267, Fig. 52) description and illustration of the masks were quite accurate. The person sponsoring the dance prepared the masks with some assistance from friends. They were made by doubling a piece of canvas and sewing it into a sack. A face was painted on the front. This involved geometric designs in black, red and white, although the colors had no special meaning. Openings for eyes and mouth were cut into them. The masks of the two leaders had leather tubes sewed to the mouth opening. Attached feathers were tipped with down. Women's masks were characterized by only one or two feathers and were painted red and white in designs consisting of red vertical lines or crosses on the cheeks. Those depicted by Spier (1928, 267, Fig. 52) were more typical of those worn by men. Some women did not wear masks, but painted their heads white with a red circle outlining the face. This was exceptional, however. The associated costume of the women consisted of willow bark strips hung from a belt like a skirt worn over a dress. The masks of the male impersonators contained more feathers and were white with minor design elements in red and black. Occasionally horse hair was attached to simulate human hair. This was allowed to hang freely or was tied in a knot at the back. Men's costumes included willow branches and leaves encircling the waist to hide their rolled-up denim trousers. Their legs and bodies were painted white with black spots at random. These were intended to indicate raindrops. No lightning designs were utilized. Men also wore willow leaves in a ruff around the neck and carried willow branches in their hands which they moved up and down in time with the dance rhythm. The men who distributed the food often wore cast-off women's clothing which they then discarded in a secreted dressing area.

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Our informants were in agreement that, aside from one attempt to hold the kachina dance in 1931 or 1932, the last had been portrayed in 1910, the year before the big flood (Spier, 1928, 94). Prior to that it had been customary to hold it every year, usually in conjunction with the harvest round dance. The seemingly paradoxical action of having the rain dance at the harvest rather than during the earlier summer rainy season was explained by informants who indicated that at the earlier date not enough fresh food would have been available for distribution to the audience. (In all probability, the rain itself was not needed [because of the perennial stream flowing through the fields], but the concept was retained along with the other obvious Hopi features.) [This certainly does not appear to be

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similar to the rain dance that Kroeber (1935, 202-3) reported for the Walapai.